

Litany — The Holy Refrain

Already, creation groans for justice.

Not yet have we stopped exploiting her soil.

Already, we celebrate veterans with flags and parades.

Not yet have we honored their healing with equity and care.

Already, we say, “Thank you for your service.”

Not yet have we funded the mental health, housing, and dignity that service deserves.

Already, we remember them one day a year.

Not yet have we remembered them with justice all the days after.

Already, Black lives matter.

Not yet do our systems reflect it.

Already, queer and trans bodies bear God’s image.

Not yet has the church learned to celebrate that holiness without condition.

Already, the Latine diaspora carries songs of faith, resistance, and joy.

Not yet have we honored the labor that built this nation’s fields, homes, and churches.

Already, their prayers rise in Spanish, Portuguese, Spanglish, and silence.

Not yet have we listened without demanding translation.

Already, their cultures preach liberation in rhythm, color, and story.

Not yet have we confessed how borders and policies still wound their families.

Already, Asian siblings reflect the creativity and beauty of God.
Not yet have we dismantled the myths that flatten their stories.

Already, God's voice speaks through every dialect, tone, and tongue.
Not yet have we stopped erasing their languages in the name of "unity."

Already, their cultures sing of resilience and sacred art.
Not yet have we stopped turning diaspora into stereotype.

Already, their histories tell of deep wisdom, family, and faith.
Not yet have we confessed how empire called "exchange" what was actually
extraction,
and renamed colonization as "culture."

Already, the Spirit moves through every nation and tongue.
Not yet have we repented for the imperial lies that made us believe
only one language, one body, one story was worthy of being called holy.

Already, women lead, preach, and pastor.
Not yet have we been paid equally or trusted fully.

Already, immigrants and refugees mirror the face of Christ.
Not yet have we opened all the doors.

Already, our children are prophetic.
Not yet have we learned to listen.

Already, we are building movements of freedom.
Not yet have we dismantled fear.

Already, the Word is among us.
Not yet have we recognized it in one another.

Already, God said, "Let there be light."
Not yet have we stopped hiding in the shadows.